

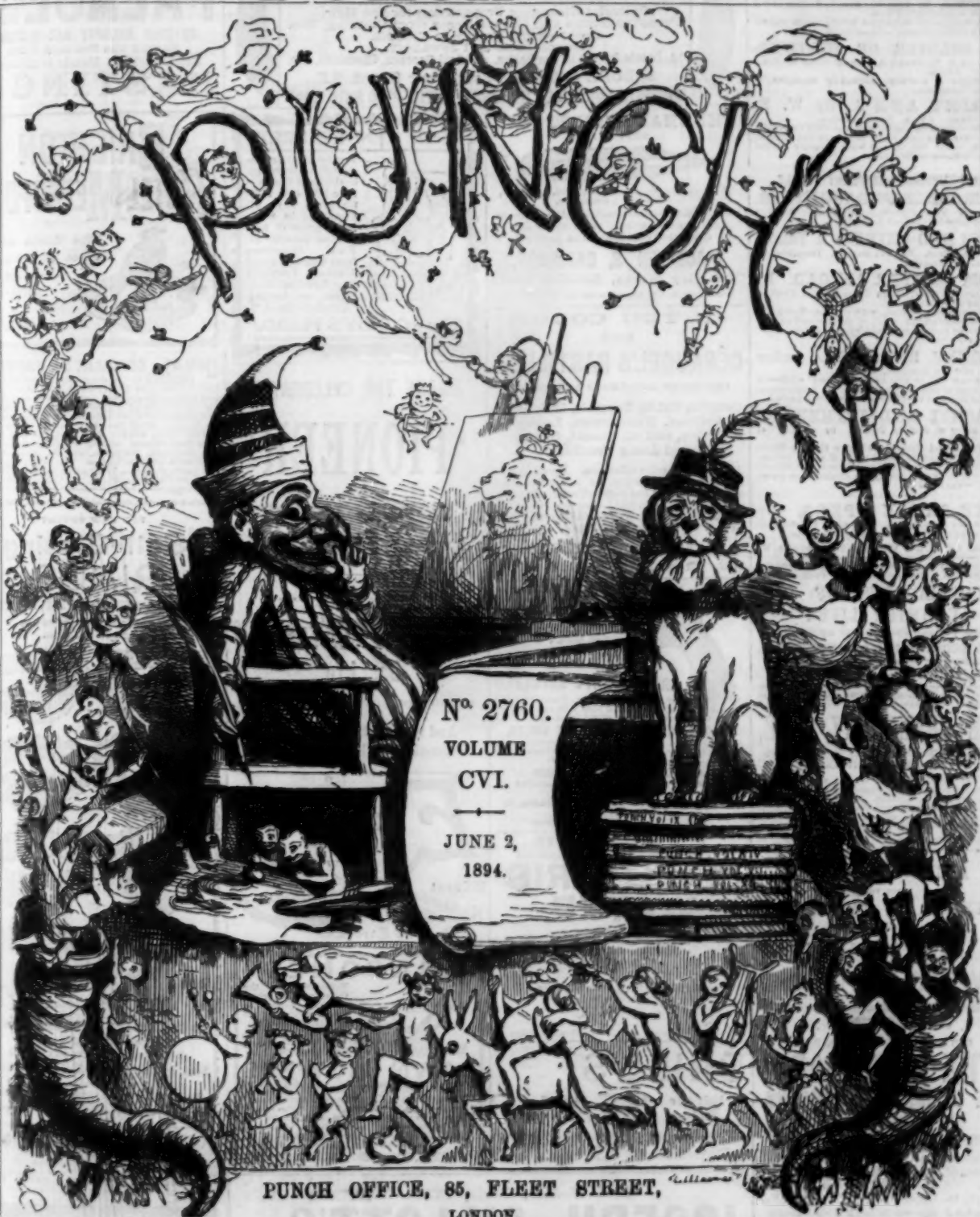
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## MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

(Being a Series of Private Letters on these and other Subjects.)

No. IV.—FROM MISS BRUCE, CRANWELL PARK, SUFFOLK, TO LADY MABEL HUNTER, PENTLAND HALL, HANTS.

MY DEAREST MAB,

December 15, 189—.

Such a disappointment not getting to you and dear Pentland! I did so look forward to it, and then to think that this tiresome visit should clash—yes, tiresome, because it kept me from you. Though in itself, I am bound to say, it is not at all bad! The BLADGEN girls, whom I haven't seen since we were at St. Salvatore's together, are kind enough when you don't interfere with any of their little plans, and Mrs. BLADGEN is a dear, the image of your old JACKIE (my best respects to the estimable Mrs. JACKSON, by the way), only saved from vulgarity by absolute unpretentiousness.

The house party is very cheery; I like Mr. MAYDEW immensely; we have long talks about you, and he's never tired of hearing about our funny time in Eastneuk, when I acted as nurse for those two pets during JACKIE's holidays, and we all shared the "front parlour," where you used to work at your Greek with the classical mistress from St. Salvatore's, while the chicks and I watched the golfers at the last hole from that delightful bow-window. Fancy Mr. MAYDEW never having been at Eastneuk, nowadays when it is overrun by everybody, and almost turned into a watering-place, instead of a dignified university town, known only to a few elect spirits like yourself, and quiet residents like ourselves, besides its own professors and students—as was the case before this dreadful "Golf boom," and before our special Poet had written so much and so delightfully about it. Mr. MAYDEW says he means to go next September, if you are there to do the honours of the dear old place; and M. DE CHAUMONT wants to come too, if only to see "this interesting new development, the pioneer of great public schools for girls, with a similar education and physical training to that which boys get at Eton and Harrow, only of course far superior in every way. . . . I think I must tell my brother, who is Anglo-mane, to send his little girl to your St. Salvatore's." . . . They are always teasing the BLADGENS and me about St. Salvatore's since they got hold of a number of our school magazine, and read about the cricket-scores and the Lacrosse team and the house shield and house colours! They pretend to be very much shocked at the girls always wearing gymnastic suits in the playground, and very much amused at the Latin and Greek; but, as I tell them, they need not be jocular over that, considering that one of our St. Salvatore girls got a First-class at Oxford or Cambridge, I forget which, when not a man did!

I don't think much Latin and Greek has stuck to the BLADGENS and me, but then we were good at games; BELLA BLADGEN was the best Captain of the Eleven we ever had. She is now Captain of the Ladies Golf Club near here, by the way; such a good course, dozens of clubs used, and then, the uniform! green skirt to the ankles, yellow boots and gaiters, green Tam o' Shanter, scarlet coat and brass buttons!! Imagine this on our modest Ladies' Links at Eastneuk, where we sally forth humbly with our "putter." It's rather a joke

—the Men's Club here don't allow women on to their Links, of course; while the men are honorary and valued members of the Ladies Club, equally of course! BELLA BLADGEN and I are going to initiate Mr. MAYDEW and the Baron PAUL DE CHAUMONT into the mysteries of golf to-morrow. I like both men so much, the Baron plays Chopin and Schumann as I thought only you could, and he is so intelligent and responsive—"gey quick at the uptake," as we say over the border. To hear him returning Mr. BLADGEN's elephantine chaff with what Mr. MAYDEW calls "delicate wapper thrusts" is delightful, very. I can't stand Papa BLADGEN; he revels in platitudes till I feel I could shriek. What ROLLO would call "an apostle of the obvious;" and oh, so self-satisfied and ostentatious. Ugh!

I never staid in this sort of country-house before; mother thought it was just to be a quiet time in the country with my "old school-friend," and so did I; whereas it's quite a party, and—Well I've come to the conclusion that I am dreadfully old-fashioned, and behind the times, for LUCY BERKELEY, who is staying here, says this is quite a hum-drum house compared to the ordinary run; and yet some of the "goings on" would make mother and Aunt JEAN's hair stand on end. We certainly don't have what LUCY graphically calls "Passage Fun" (think of it, MABEL!) after the household is supposed to be wrapped in slumber; nor are the cigarettes passed round to men and women alike at the table after dessert; but the BLADGEN girls and Mrs. MAXWELL certainly are beyond me. I can't cope with them when they make allusions and tell stories. I hate it. Mrs. MAXWELL laughs and says, "Oh, I minded it, too, once; but you'll soon get used to it. The best way for a girl is just to make an idiot face, and pretend not to understand." Well I don't understand; but I feel it would be dreadful if I did, and that makes me wretched, and crimson; and then Captain MAXWELL always manages to get opposite to me and stare, with a kind of amused grin that makes me long to slap him with my open hand. He is a horror, but Mr. MANTON, of the Foreign Office, is worse; he looks like a June oyster, and talks in a little mincing, falsetto voice, that would make ROLLO or one of the boys at home kick him. Mrs. MAXWELL says he's "a dear thing," and Captain MAYDEW, who's awfully amusing and cheery, says he's "a minx." He talks about his emotions as if they were dresses. "I felt a pink joy," he said the other night, "and after the drab misery, shot with purple patches of despair, it seemed almost a crimson rapture."

Oh, I wish you could have seen Mr. MAYDEW's face—it looked more aquiline than ever, and that sort of clean-shaved curl of the lip . . . if Mr. MANTON were not so absurdly tiny and sickly, I think he would have punched his head. He had another "crimson rapture" last night when LUCY BERKELEY and Mrs. MAXWELL did a skirt dance in rainbow accordion skirts—it really was pretty; but then BELLA and DOT BLADGEN came on in black dancing skirts and did a sort of stamping and kicking dance. Dreadful! I can't imagine how nice old Mrs. BLADGEN could allow it! but I don't think she has any authority over them. Do, do write to me soon, or if you are too busy with all your guests, ask dear Aunt JEAN to write me one of her delightful letters; nobody writes any like them. Fond love to her, and kiss my two darlings; you know how much love to take for yourself, from your own BETTY.

P.S.—How is ROLLO?



"Like a June Oyster."

## OPERATIC NOTES.

General Reflection. — Falstaff must be heard again. Not to be dismissed at a sitting, especially if it is to be a standing dish at Covent Garden.

Friday. — Faust, "in Italian." Sometimes we get it in French; sometimes a little mixed. House good. Marguerite, Mlle. NUOVINA, with dark hair, pretty fair. Peculiar GIULIA RAVOGGI particularly good as Siebel, and, in the song, vociferously encored. PLANCON's Mephisto "as good as they make 'em." ANCONA a valiant Valentine, Signor DE LUCIA passable as Faust, but not Faust-rate; a trifle too

small for the gay and gallant rejuvenated Professor, and not up to his own height in *Pagliacci*.

Sir DRURIOLANUS hard at work rehearsing seven operas, of which four are brand new. *L'Attaque de Moulin* will offer a great chance to "the wind" in the orchestra. The prize-fighting drama did not make a hit at Drury Lane, but there is every chance for the "merry Mill" at the Opera.

## Impromptu by an Insomniac.

(In the small hours, after long sleeplessness.)

Ah! Labour—that slumbers—may say its long say  
On the boon—or the bane—of an Eight Hours Day;  
But what I should hail with ecstatic delight  
Would be, oh, sweet Somnus! a sound Eight Hours Night!

MEMORABLE.—Mr. FRANKS, C.B., of the British Museum, and Mr. E. W. HAMILTON, C.B., of the Treasury, will remember May 26 this year as conferring upon them additional Bath-day Honours.





### A LICENSING QUESTION; OR, BUNG AND BADGE.

*Brother Bung.* "Ah! my boy, they 'll have to give you a dose o' my physic. There's too many of you; too much quantity, too little quality; and the public 'll have to put its *Weto* on it."



# CAB! CAB! CAB! OR THE LATEST LICENSING QUESTION.

A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.  
AIR—"Trab! Trab! Trab!"

Cabby (to Sympathetic Brother Bung):—

I goes out a cab-driving,  
And oft the long day through,  
In spite of all contriving,  
I scarcely make a do.  
A Hansom Cab I've got,  
A handsome horse to trot.  
Cab! Cab! Cab! If I  
can live

I wish I may be shot!  
Now if you'll hear my ditty,  
I'll tell you how I'm done.  
And sure my case you'll pity;  
Cab-driving is poor fun.  
I ply from Holborn 'ill,  
Perhaps to Pentonville.

Cab! Cab! Cab! Not  
half a chance  
To show my pace and skill!

My yard money's not kivered  
When home 'tis time to go.  
I'm tired, and chilly-livered,  
With twenty miles or so.  
My horse is nearly spent!  
Hillo! 'Ere comes a gent!

Cab? Cab? Cab? All a  
mistake!

The tuppenny bus he meant!  
No luck! I cannot hook him.  
My horse, as you'll suppose,  
Is baked! Long cranks half  
cook him;

So to the yard we goes,  
With sixteen bob or so.  
'Tis rather hard, yer know.

Cab! Cab! Cab! Boss  
sacks the lot,  
And I crawl home to Bow!

I do not like to grumble,  
But can't stand it no more.  
That's why I strike! You "tumble"?  
I know. Strikes is a bore,  
Says every gent who's rode.  
Cantankerous? That be blowed!  
Cab! Cab! Cab! You try a crawl  
From Bow to Edgware Road!

Brother Bung to Cabby:—

Of course it is vexatious,  
And altered ought to be;  
But how, my boy? Good gracious!  
That's where you can't agree.  
I hold that London Town  
With Cabs is overdone.

Cab! Cab! Cab! Why three dash  
up

When fare requires but one!

Far fewer Cabs, and better,  
Would better pay—don't grin!  
But in your "shelter" ponder  
The cure. You want more tin,  
The Boss says he can't spare  
Another "bob"! I swear  
Good cabs—and fewer licences,  
Would suit him, you, and—fare!

A new "Licensing Question"  
You're raising, mate, past doubt.  
(You'll pardon the suggestion!)  
They want to weed us out.

Us Bungs, with Option, Weto!

The parallel's complete, oh!

Cab! Cab! Cab! A sim'lar dose

Will do you chaps a treat, oh!

[Left liquoring.]



## PASSIONATE FEMALE LITERARY TYPES.

### THE NEW SCHOOL.

Mrs. Blyth (newly married). "I WONDER YOU NEVER MARRIED, MISS  
QUILPSON!"

Miss Quilpson (Author of "Caliban Dethroned," &c., &c.). "WHAT? I  
MARRY! I BE A MAN'S PLAYTHING! NO, THANK YOU!"

## LINES IN PLEASANT PLACES.

### L.—PIT ENTRANCE, LYCEUM.

TIGHTLY packed, an hour and a quarter  
Inconvenienced by this "mortal coil,"  
Gasping like a fish just out of water,  
Feeling like a sardine out of oil;

Here I stand before the threshold sighing,  
And the minutes—don't exactly fly;  
"Pleasant places!" Here my lines are lying—  
Someone's eating peppermints hard by:

Vain to ask a burly country cousin,  
"Twixt him and the door securely rammed,  
Not to shove enough for half a dozen,  
He but grins, and answers, "You be  
jammed!"

But at last—'tis not in vain I've waited—  
Ope the portals fly, an end to pain;  
And I feel, like *Faust*, rejuvenated,  
In the pleasant Pit I breathe again!

### Colourable.

THE G. O. M. of New Zealand,  
At eighty unchangeably young,  
Once more in our ancient, but free, land  
Is present, in person and tongue.  
Oh, patriots hearty, superior to party,  
Don't let him again go away!  
Sure Red, Blue, and Buff have raised  
shindy enough;  
Let's try for a change (SIR GEORGE)  
GREY!

## PROSE POEMS.

No novel or romance I need,  
Each has its imperfection,  
Far more attractive tales I read  
Within that charming section  
Which every newspaper pre-  
sents  
As "Agony" advertisements!

Within that column  
"HARRY'S" fate  
Is put at "FLO'S" decision,  
Of whom—it seems precipi-  
tate—  
He's only once had vision,  
Since when the tender feeling's  
grown  
Through messages like these  
alone.

Yet still his love is real, I  
think,  
Or else his wealth immense  
is,  
For never does a sentence  
shrink  
To lessen his expenses—  
A noble soul, he scorns to  
keep  
To "dear" and other words  
as cheap.

From polysyllables each day  
The hero never flinches,  
Although of course he has to  
pay  
The manager by "inches;"  
So that his flowery tropes must  
come  
In time to quite a decent sum.

Still, doubtless, he will feel  
repaid  
When, joyfully complacent,  
His name and hers he sees  
displayed

Within that list adjacent;

His letters will have ceased; instead  
We'll read the fact that he is wed!  
Strange paradox! Although at times  
Excusably one fancies  
That Love has fled to other climes,  
So trite are our romances,  
It lives! It thrives, in this our age,  
Within the daily paper's page!

QUEER QUERIES.—USEFUL DISCOVERY.  
—I should be glad to know what is the best  
way to approach the War Office with a valu-  
able invention? It is a bulletproof coat on  
an entirely new principle, far better and  
heavier than Dowe's. I have tried it on a  
cat in our back-yard with really surprising  
results, and now I want to try it on the  
Secretary for War in his back-yard. But it  
seems difficult to interest him in the idea.  
Indeed, on the last of my daily visits to the  
War Office a policeman was summoned to  
remove me! Perhaps the fact that I went in  
my patent impregnable Suiting mounted on  
the back of an elephant—which is the only  
animal that seems able to bear the weight—  
may have had something to do with my  
reception, especially as a large and disorderly  
crowd will accompany me. Why not form a  
trades Union of Inventors and other Claim-  
ants on Government? Then we might all go  
in force to wait on the Officials! If a Fund  
is raised, I shall be happy to take charge of  
it, and subscribe myself—ARMOUR-PLATED.

MRS. R. says she is told that in France  
books are hawked about for sale by the "coal-  
porters!" This seems to her very strange.

### THE TRAVELLER'S VADE MECUM.

(Composed for the Use of those who Smoke.)

*Question.* What are the privileges of a lady?

*Answer.* To do everything she pleases.

*Q.* Are there any drawbacks to this position?

*A.* Certainly not; because while a woman can claim equality with man she can still obtain superiority by appealing to his chivalry.

*Q.* What is the strength of woman?

*A.* The weakness of man.

*Q.* Is this truism of benefit, for instance, to a lady on a journey?

*A.* Unquestionably, as no man of right feeling would forget the deference due to the weak from the strong.

*Q.* Then a man and woman are absolutely equal in theory?

*A.* Absolutely.

*Q.* Supposing there were only one chair and two candidates for it of different sexes—who would possess it?

*A.* Why the woman, of course, at the earnest invitation of the man.

*Q.* Has a woman a right to enter a smoking-carriage?

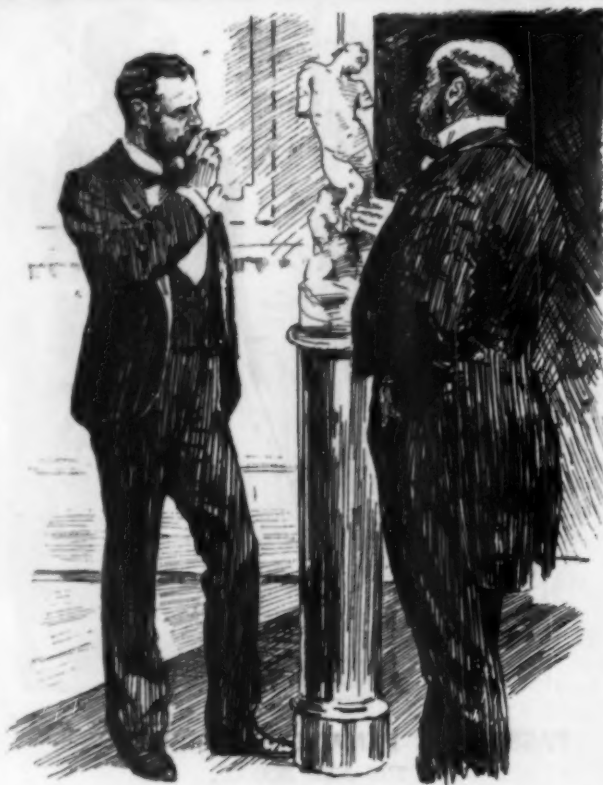
*A.* Yes; although it may be as well for her to accustom herself to cigarettes.

*Q.* But suppose she objects to cigarettes?

*A.* Then she should try cigars.

*Q.* But let us presume that she likes tobacco in no form.

*A.* Then she had better



AMBIGUOUS.

*Crossed Moccasins Brown.* "NOW LOOK HERE, I BOUGHT THIS STATUETTE THE OTHER DAY. I FLATTER MYSELF IT'S ABSOLUTELY UNIQUE. THERE ISN'T ANOTHER ONE LIKE IT IN THE WORLD!"

*His Admirer.* "DEAR ME! HOW FORTUNATE!"

avoid places in which smoking is permitted.

*Q.* But supposing she insists upon entering a smoking-carriage.

*A.* Well then she must make up her mind to accept the inevitable.

*Q.* And what may that be?

*A.* Homage to nicotine.

*Q.* Do you mean smoking?

*A.* I do, but prefer the other way of putting it.

*Q.* But suppose a lady, after forcing herself into a smoking-carriage, coughs, and exhibits other signs of distress.

*A.* Express sympathy whilst puffing your cigar.

*Q.* Then you would not deist?

*A.* Certainly not, for smoke is the friend of man, and is far too precious to be cancelled for the joy of receiving a woman's smiles, to say nothing of her frown.

*Q.* Then what is the probable ending of a woman's protest raised in a compartment devoted to use of pipes and cigars?

*A.* Why, smoke to be sure.

*Q.* Then what should a woman remember before uttering such a protest?

*A.* That the worm will turn, and so, on rare occasions, will the smoker.

Mrs. R. knows something about ecclesiastical matters. She said, "The other day I heard of some of our clergy appearing at church 'dressed in cassacks.' I suppose this was in imitation of the Russian clergy."

### A FAIR UNKNOWN.

THE little dark curls stray out below  
The little red hood on your brow of snow,  
And what is your name I do not know;  
But I know you are pretty and brave and  
You dainty little Red Riding-Hood. [good,

I might find out, for the world is small,  
And even the Bladud fancy ball,  
That looks like a living kaleidoscope,  
Is studded with those fix'd stars of hope  
Who know the who and the what and where  
Of plain and ancient, of young and fair.

But I will not learn. For your face and grace

Shall never be bound by the commonplace,  
The definite house in crescent or square,  
And life with its social wear and tear.

But here, with your pretty, homely gown,  
Your mitten'd arms and your stockings brown  
You are far away in the fairy wood  
Of ages ago, Red Riding-Hood!

Ah, were you alone in the forest wide  
I'd be a gaunt, grey wolf at your side,  
And your steadfast eyes would show no fear  
For I would not hurt you, or eat you dear,  
But take you safely the wild wood through,  
A lovelier Una's guardian true.

The Militant Daughters, of Key and Club,  
Whose crown is swagger, whose wit a snub,  
They wilt like ghosts at the eye of day  
In the simple charm of your sweet array.  
And yours is the soul that makes men fight  
For the cause that is yours—for the cause of right.

And the decadent herd may moan and rave,  
And leave the temple to dig the grave,



But life will blossom, while maids like you  
Will keep men noble and straight and true.  
So I won't escape from the waltz I hate  
With that unconvictional heavy-weight.

And duty-dances I'll gaily do  
All for the love of unknown you.  
And here you come on a warrior's arm,  
With a little flush for an added charm.  
And merrily off you go to sup  
While my penalty waltz is striking up.  
Good-bye! To duty I firmly go—  
And what is your name I shall never know;  
But life is no longer a wolfish wood,  
But a shrine for you, little Red Riding-Hood.

### ALL IN THE TEMPLE GARDENS FAIR.

THE Flower Show in the Temple Gardens a great success, despite the rain on the first day, evidently designed as a compliment to our future reigener—we mean ruler—the Duke of York, who opened the Show, and afterwards lunched with the Benchers of the Inner Temple (so called because they look after the Inner Man). Pretty flowers, pretty frocks, pretty faces, combined to make up a function which was more than pretty interesting. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN came to see the orchids, and was heard to murmur, at the sight of the magnificent roses, "Yes, it's ROSEBERRY, ROSEBERRY, ROSEBERRY, all the way." Naturally plenty of lawyers, who brought their wives and sweethearts, and contrived to assume an air of proprietorship. Altogether a Summery-Flowery-Showy Success.

NEWS THAT CANNOT AT PRESENT BE PUBLISHED ABOUT HERB DOWE'S CUIRASS.—"The Latest Bullet-in!"

## THE OPERA-GLASS.

HERE I sit, profoundly sad,  
It would make the meekest  
mad;  
Though my eyesight is not bad,  
Can I see  
From the balcony's last row?  
Pretty girls go to and fro  
On the stage, but they bring no  
Joy to me.

They are pretty I am sure,  
Yet I silently endure  
Woe for which there seems no  
cure;

I have left  
My binoculars behind,  
Grievous is my state of mind,  
Of these maiden's charms I find  
I'm bereft.

One seems quite divinely  
fair,  
In the distance over there,  
Lovely face and golden hair  
Catch my eye;  
Graceful figure, slender waist,  
Dress, though scanty, chic in  
taste,  
Limbs so elegantly placed,  
I descry.

If I had my glass to see  
All her charms, how nice for  
me!—  
What a duffer I must be!

I forgot  
Automatic cases fall  
Open when you place a small  
Sum—a shilling, that is all—  
In the slot.



A STRIKING ATTITUDE.

PATIENCE ON A TRUNK WAITING FOR A CAR.

How I rush to one of these,  
Past the other people's knees!  
Though they frown with looks  
that freeze,

I don't care;  
For my brain is in a whirl,  
I shall see that lovely girl,  
That bright jewel, peerless  
pearl,  
Over there!

Fit the focus to the view;  
Hang this glass, it's far from  
new!  
How I fumble with the screw;  
Is it smashed?  
That's the charmer. No, it's  
not,  
Some old woman I have got.  
Yes, it is, though. Oh! Great  
Scott!

Well, I'm dashed!

I am staggered at the sight.  
Why, the woman is a fright!  
Distance lent enchantment—  
quite

Hid the paint.  
Black above, beneath each eye!  
Golden hair—a wig, or dye!  
Slender waist—stays! "Oh!"

I cry,  
Feeling faint.

Then the glass falls with a  
crash

On the floor, a total smash;  
From the hateful place I dash;

As I pass,  
An attendant stops the way,  
With a civil air, to say, [pay  
"There's ten shillings, Sir, to  
For the glass."

## AT THE NEW GALLERY.

As an Impressionable, am easily affected by omens; a sneeze in my right ear, a vulture alighting on my left arm, compel me to laughter or tears for entire day. Judge of my feelings on entering this Gallery when I detected inauspicious raven seated to my left on terra-cotta of Minerva, as in EDGAR POE's story. This is No. 412, and may be named *The Dissolute Bird*; or, *the Raven on the Bust*. Unmanned by this, was further dejected by No. 6 ("After Music"). Time of day is P.M., or *Post Musicum*, and a coolness has sprung up between the two players, due to absence of clothes and fact that one of them has been playing flat; though we shall never know which.

If I were lady in "*A Gift for the Gods*" (No. 47), should never think of walking backwards to temple down those perilous steps.

In No. 57 we have Mr. DONALDSON's "*Medieval Miracle Play*." Have myself studied DONALDSON on Greek Theatre, and hope archaeology of picture is more correct. Had I been of the period, should have used strong language about head-gear of ladies in front row of stalls.

As for boy in "*The White Cow*" (No. 109), I know that boy: he comes from the New English Art Club; was hay-harvesting there when I saw him, and showed perfect fever for it. Have myself been victim of hay-fever, and worn just this expression. Looking at "*Ariadne*" (No. 114), can half guess why she was deserted in favour of the second Mrs. Bacchus. By happy touch of colour, artist shows her marooned on desolate island.

Am arrested by a series of archaic works.

"*The Burning of King Hakon*" shows us inflammatory old gentleman putting out to sea, with painted shields and dead horse, beyond possible reach of fire-brigade; sail up, with "prehistoric peep" on it; one porpoise, two whales, and five seals, to say nothing of gulls, float round, awaiting eventualities. Have idea that seditious allegory

underlies this work. President, with row of pictures by Academicians all round him, is being sacrificed on altar of New English Art; specimen of whose devices floats boldly on ship's canvas. To talk of burning, besides that of his Majesty, there is the conflagration of "*Mrs. Reginald Smith*" (No. 201), who is seen standing in grate, about to commit arson *de se*. Should have expected Mr. COLLIER to better understand igneous character of coal.

Second example of archaic period is "*The Mermaids' Rock*" (No. 199). Gentle-hearted Naiads act as buffer between ship's ram and nasty bit of reef. Kindly purpose lost on antediluvian mariners, who look possessed. However, have been in boat myself, and know that one does not under these conditions look one's best. Third of series is same artist's "*Strangers on a Strange Shore*." Seem so, certainly; anyhow, do not appear to be at home with their ship. Bo'sen on poop seen leaning on figure-head, and nipping beak of prehistoric bird, while he signals to another stranger, half-a-brick's-throw off. Break forthwith into rhyme as follows:—

On, on, my bold seaworthy punt!  
Run up before the wind!  
With a well-tanned pinafore in front,  
And a semaphore behind.

Cannot overlook balcony. Many interesting things happen "In a balcony." For instance, "*The Commemoration of Adonis*." Have witnessed a "Commem." often in remote period when I was a young Adonis; but do not remember my friends' sisters and cousins wearing quite the costume here depicted. Am getting a little tired of Mr. SCHMALZ's new dark model of the many names. Her left profile is called "*Lucile*" (No. 347). At a three-quarter view, answers to "*Janette*" (No. 343). To right is known as "*Nina*" (No. 143), and at full length poses as "*A Gift for the Gods*" (No. 47), which is short for Theodora. By any other name she would do as well; perhaps better.



No. 33. A Lift on with her new Cover-coat.





### A BORN LEGISLATOR.

"DO YOU OFTEN ATTEND THE SITTINGS IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS, DUKE?"  
 "I DID ONCE, IF I REMEMBER—TO VOTE AGAINST SOME MEASURE OF MR. GLADSTONE'S—  
 —BUT I CAUGHT A BAD COLD THERE, SO I NEVER WENT AGAIN!"

### LYING IN WAIT.

"Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,"  
*Pope on "Atticus."*

"[A determination to worry the Government as much as possible by snatch divisions at unexpected moments.]—"*Lobby Gossip*" on intentions of the Opposition.]

*First Robber.* He comes! And he carries the swag!

By Jingo! a thundering Budget!

Just one job in his midriff, or scrag,

Will give him his gruel I judge it.

*Second R.* Hist! Don't let him hear what we're at!

Jove! doesn't he swell, strut, and swagger?

That paunch, so aggressively fat,  
 Is tempting—at least to my dagger!

*Third R.* Stay! Do not precipitate be!

You, JOE, are in such a dashed hurry!

A job's always neater, d'ye see,

If you don't floor your man in a flurry.

*Second R.* Yah, JOACHIM, you are so slow!

My snickersee yearns to be yerking.

To spifficate foes at a go

Is my favourite method of working.

*First R.* Yes, Brummy, that's all very fine;

But you're sometimes too fast, I've a

notion.

And this time I rather incline

To the course recommended by G-SCH-N!

*Second R.* What rubbish! Dead men tell no tales.

Let us all down on him!—like a blizzard!  
 The swaggiest swashbuckler fails!

With six inches of steel in his gizzard!  
*Third R.* To "down" him were easy enough,  
 And collar his swag,—there's enough on

us!

But, when we have "landed" the "stuff,"

Suppose we are caught with the stuff on

us?

*First R.* Precisely! Sharp eyes are about;

His bashing might cause a big bobbory.

Let's track him, until we've no doubt

What to do with the fruits of our—

robbery!

*Third R.* That's right, ARTHUR! Watch

him, and worry!

We'll ease him at last of his sum, lads!

But snickersee him in a hurry?

*Not yet!* But a time will soon come,

lads! *[Left lurking.]*

### AFTER THE BANQUET.

SCENE—The Smoking-room of a Club. *Naval Host and Guest discovered exchanging Confidences.*

*Host.* I cannot sufficiently express my admiration for your President.

*Guest.* And I say ditto as regards your Queen.

*H.* Your statesmen are wonderful fellows.

*G.* And so are your ministers.

*H.* No one can equal your LONGFELLOW.

*G.* And there never will be found a superior to your TENNYSON.

*H.* And your soldiers and sailors are the bravest in the world.

*G.* And your sailors and soldiers have no competitors in the universe.

*H.* And cousins never cease to be brothers.

*G.* And blood is thicker than water.

*H.* And there is no finer tune in the history of music than "Hail Columbia."

*G.* Except "Rule Britannia," which beats it hollow.

*H.* And the American Eagle is the grandest bird known to heraldry.

*G.* And the British Lion can whip the rest of the brute creation menageried in the College of Arms.

*H.* And both sides of the Atlantic can read SHAKESPEARE.

*G.* Yes, either in the native American or with the English accent.

*H.* So here's, Sir, to the Star-spangled Banner!

*G.* And three cheers for the Union Jack!

*[Scene closes in upon a night of amity that, it is hoped, will bear the morning's reflection.]*

### TO ALTHEA CHAPERONED.

Good qualities she's noted for,

We call her when we speak of her

An excellent or worthy or

An estimable character.

And yet I know, when she draws near,

It grows as heavy as a stone,

The erst enchanted atmosphere.

I cannot stand your Chaperon!

A subtle, strange paralysis

Ever about her seems to spread.

Fast fleet away all dreams of bliss,

The heart of love sinks down like lead.

ALTHEA, would we walked to-day

In some dim forest, green and lone—

Immeasurably far away

For ever from the Chaperon!

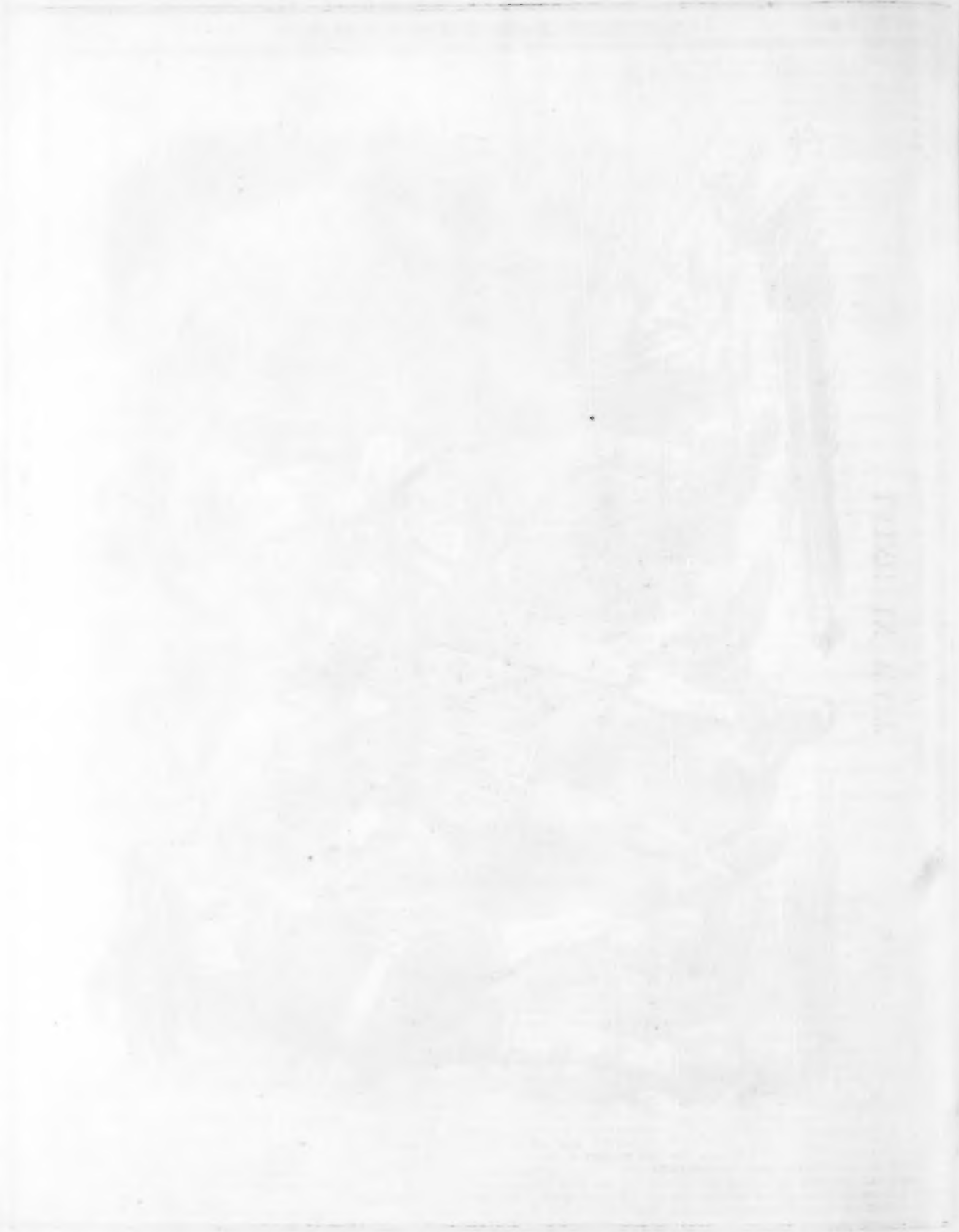
CHANGE OF SEAT.—Should the G. O. M. give up his present constituency, and subsequently re-enter the House, of course he will do so as the successful Member for Eye.





## LYING IN WAIT.

"Willing to atone, and yet afraid to strike."  
GOSCHEN (in stage-whisper). "NOT YET!—A TIME WILL COME!!!"



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### "GOT HIS MONEY ON" AT THE GARRICK.

THERE'S something attractive in the title of *Money*. It looks well. Bills are always a difficulty, but when every bill, that is every playbill, is more than covered by *Money*, the result ought to be satisfactory to the monied management. Therefore may the omen be good for the Garrick Theatre, where, as all theatre-goers are by this time aware, *Money*, BULWER LYTTON'S comedy, has been revived. I should like to have seen it in "the costume of the



ANXIOUS MOMENT.

Sir John Wheezy (to Lady Franklin-Bancroft). "Well,—um—here we are again, with *Money*."

Lady Franklin-Bancroft. "Yes—and 'What will we do with it?'"

period" to which it belonged; but *Dis aliter visum*, and so *Money* (as far as costume goes) has been changed, and brought "up to date" with a few touchings-up of the dialogue, a little introduction here, and a considerable omission there, with the result that the old wine doesn't burst the new bottles, but, being adroitly mixed, and craftily qualified, is offered as a very pleasant beverage to the public.

Mr. FORBES-ROBERTSON deserves all praise for making that hitherto insufferable prig *Evelyn* acceptable, and, as far as such a character possibly can be, interesting. Miss KATE ROEKE does the same with that melancholy *Clara Douglas*. ARTHUR CECIL is a Bab-Ballady sort of *Graves*, but the scene between him and Mrs. BANCROFT as *Lady Franklin*, of course, goes immensely.

How doth the little Mrs. B.  
An audience delight!  
She helps to "make" so merrilies  
HARE'S *Money* everynight.

As for Sir JOHN HARE as *Mr. Vesey*, no, Mr. JOHN HARE—quite white HARE—as *Sir John Vesey*, he is admirable. True comedy, every bit of it. Mr. BOURCHIER as *Lord Glossmore*, and Mr. KEMBLE as *Stout*, who might be a typical County Councillor, are capital; but Captain *Deadly Smooth* must have disappointed Mr. BROOKFIELD.

To adapt an ancient proverb, we hope that "*Money makes the Hare to grow*," and that at the end of the run, by the time the Pinerian, or the Grundian, or the Jonesian piece be ready, the manager and lessee, two single gentlemen rolled into one, will find that *Money* has gone well, and that there is a handsome profit left. So during this run of the revival the Garrick may be temporarily named *Le Théâtre de la Monnaie*.

### QUEER QUERIES.

HONOURS FOR WORKMEN.—Is it true that a knighthood has just been given to a common pitman connected with a colliery in the North? If so, it is far the best thing Lord ROSEBERRY has done yet. Why should not every navvy have a handle to his name? I would give every workman a C.B. at once, and the best workers in each trade a K.C.B. This would really be something like "the dignity of labour." At the same time of course I hold that all titles are wretched shams, and should be instantly abolished. P.S.—A friend tells me that it is a Mr. PITMAN who has been knighted, and not a

collier, and that he is a man "who has never gone down a pit in his life, unless when they were short-handed." Can it really be the case that the Government has thus gone out of its way to honour a person who must evidently be some mere aristocratic loafer? The true facts would oblige  
GENUINE DEMOCRAT.

SUGAR AND MUSCLES.—I saw in the papers some fellow said the best way to devlope the muscles was to eat lots of sugar. I think it must be true because he was a Doctor. I want to devlope my musales, awfully, because I want to win the mile at our school, and lick that beastly bully SNOOKS SENIOR. So I tried eating half-a-crown's worth of Barley Sugar straight off at our Tuck Shop. It didn't make me a bit more muskular, it only made me sick, and SNOOKS boxed my ears for being a "sneak and a pig." Please will someone say what sweets have most sugar in them? I like toffy awfully—would toffy do? How much of it should I have to eat to be able to kick SNOOKS SENIOR all round our playground?—AUGUSTUS.

### THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN.

"A bond of affection existed between the navies of England and America, and they were always glad to reciprocate the good feeling exhibited towards them by the British Navy. Nobody had said a word on behalf of JACK, the man behind the gun; but he was as good as he ever was, and blood was the thing that told."—Rear-Admiral Erben, in response to the toast of "The United States Navy" at the Banquet given at St. James's Hall to the Officers of the U.S. Cruiser "Chicago."

Mr. Punch loquitor:—

GOOD ERBEN, good! You've hit my mood,  
And also hit the mark.  
Punch loves all craft, afore and aft,  
Right down from Noah's Ark.  
A ship to him means pluck, smart trim,  
Loyalty, love, and fun;  
But, Sir, you bet, he'll not forget  
"The Man behind the Gun!"

Thanks, Admiral E., for teaching P.  
That neat and telling phrase!  
He joins full heart, for his poor part,  
In all that mutual praise  
Poured freely out 'twixt sailors stout,  
But that which "cops the bun"  
Is your sound crack about brave JACK,  
"The Man behind the Gun!"

Yes; he's the chap who, hap what hap,  
Will keep our Flags aloft.  
JOHN, JONATHAN (each sailorman  
Is "JACK" aboard a boat!)  
Briton or Yank, whate'er his rank,  
All know what has been done,  
'Neath Cross or Star, by plain Jack Tar,  
"The Man behind the Gun!"

Yes; guns grow big, and build and rig  
Are changed since NELSON's time.  
Huge iron pots and spanking shots  
Spoil beauty and floor rhyme.  
But when we close with fighting foes,  
We'll find, ere all is done,  
We'll still depend on our old friend,  
"The Man behind the Gun!"

Captain MAHAN\* is just the man  
To prove that ERBEN's right.  
Iron or oak, ships are "no joke,"  
But "flesh and blood" must fight.  
Your "hundred tonner" is a stunner;  
Yet fights will still be won,  
If won they are, by stout Jack Tar,  
"The Man behind the Gun!"

Fair breezes waft your U.S. craft,  
(Cruiser *Chicago*,) still!  
Valour and wit still keep us knit  
In brotherly goodwill!  
MAHAN, let's liquor! Blood is thicker  
Than water. So my son,  
A bumper brim all round to him—  
"The Man behind the Gun!"

\* Author of *The Influence of Sea Power on History*, and other masterly naval works.



SUGGESTION FOR A PARLIAMENTARY BANK-HOLIDAY.



### THE ALHAMBRA SHOOTING CASE.

As to Herr Dowe's coat, it is proved beyond *Herr Dowe's* that the bullet-proof garment is bullet-proof.

Therefore, the whole affair is not "All my (or anyone else's) Eye and Captain (LEON) MARTIN."

It is certain that, as hitherto at the Alhambra the great attraction has been the *Bullets*, now it will be *The Bullets*.

*Happy Thought*.—Why, to start this shooting, did they not mix Bullet and Bullet, and have had a Dramatic Ballet, introducing Herr Dowe as *Zamie!* not casting the bullet, or "casting" the piece (the fowling-piece), but making the shirt of Bullet-proof Mail?

The wearer of one of Herr Dowe's coats may be bullet-proof; but will even the least susceptible of men, if thus *en-dowe'd*, be proof against the charms of the ballet?

The above are questions which occur to your cousin German

COUNT HOW DE DOWE.

EXTRACT FROM AN IRISH EMIGRANT'S LETTER.—"My dear boy, I'm doing well, but I'm always looking forward to coming back."

### FANCY PORTRAIT.



SIR EDWIN MIKARNOLDO.

*A Real Good Jap saluting the Rising Sun.*

"We admire the secret of that delicate artistic gift . . . which makes you the Greeks of Asia. . . . It is impossible that a splendid future should not lie before the Empire of the Rising Sun."—Extract from Speech made by Sir Edwin Arnold at the Japanese Society Banquet at the Hotel Métropole, Monday, May 21.]

### FARE'S FAIR!

(BY A FAIR WHO WISHES TO BE FAIR.)

AIR—"Comin' thro' the Rye."

If a Cabby meet a Cabby  
Having a fair try,  
Need a Cabby hit a Cabby  
Hotly in the eye?  
Every Cabby has fair freedom,

For a fare to ply.  
If "Union" Cabby smites  
his mate,

Why, run him in, say I!

If a Bobby see a Cabby  
Troubling of the town,  
Let that Bobby pull that

Cabby  
From his high perch  
down!

Every Cabby with a license,  
Has full right to ply,  
And tyranny in freedom's  
name

Is simply "all my eye."

JOAN LA PUCKLE.—It is said that this heroine is to be canonised. Quite befitting a military heroine that everything should be according to cannon law. At present, so it is stated in the *Weekly Register*, "The Maid" has only achieved the title of "Venerable." This may be an ecclesiastically polite way of putting it, but it does sound uncommonly like calling her "The Venerable JOAN; or, Old Maid of Orleans!" No pleasanter person than an old maid, but still, somehow, it is not the rôle associated with the modest but militant JOAN.

### ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, May 21.*—A pleased smile lighted up HIBBERT's grave face when he took his seat on Treasury Bench at half-past three, and looked round on empty benches. Whitsuntide holidays over; work begins again to-day; Civil Service Estimates first order; axiom of long standing at Treasury that the fewer Members present the more votes. Exceedingly few Members on view at this moment; *argal*, there should be votes by the handful. No sign of activity on Front Opposition Bench. PRINCE ARTHUR comes not, nor JOKIM either.

As usual in such circumstances, JEMMY LOWTHER to the fore. Drops into seat of absent Leader, and endows Front Bench with imposing air of respectability and responsibility. He may have something to say on the successive votes, HIBBERT musingly admits, but will be satisfied when he has shown new generation of Members how their elders used to speak.

Whilst the Financial Secretary looked on content, a tall figure strode up the almost empty House; seated itself at corner of second bench above gangway. This was ROBERT WILLIAM HANBURY.

"Um!" said HIBBERT, slightly contracting his brows.

Five minutes later there rolled up the passage a short, stout gentleman, with one hand in trousers pocket. Looked as if he had got a coin there he was intent upon depositing in the National Penny Bank. This was GEORGE CHRISTOPHER TROUT BARTLEY.

"Ah!" said HIBBERT, the pleased look that had erewhile illumined his kindly face giving place to one of unesiness.

The moments sped. Preliminary business rattled through at exhilarating speed. Ten minutes sufficed to pass second reading of Bill accelerating Registration of Parochial Electors. Only four o'clock. Yet a little while, and SPEAKER would be got out of Chair, and the rattling through of votes might commence. House still almost empty. HIBBERT looking round to assure himself, his

eye fell on sprightly figure smartly advancing, diffusing subtle aroma of the briny ocean, impelling suggestion of the whistle of the wind in the shrouds, the surge of the sea at the bows.

It was CAPTAIN TOMMY BOWLER.

"Oh!" groaned HIBBERT, sitting limp on Treasury Bench with hands fallen hopeless at his side, the ashy paleness of despair gathering over his expressive countenance.

Felt all was over; dream of placid evening with its piled-up votes vanished. Nor was his sorrow lightened as the slow hours sped. HANBURY speedily led off; BARTLEY blandly backed up his objections; CAPTAIN TOMMY filled up any occasional interval; whilst from the other side ALFREDUS CLEOPHAS MORTON benevolently dropped "h's" over the group, threatening to bury it in the agglomeration.

*Business done*.—Eight hours talk and three votes.

*Tuesday*.—Exhilarating night making speeches round second reading Scotch Local Government Bill. Sort of nicht wi' BURNS, only none of us, not even THE MACREGOR, dropped into poetry. That eminent Scot did not, indeed, even succeed in carrying out his fixed intention of contributing a short stave in prose. This was frustrated by interposition of that envious Southron the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD. On an occasion like present, when interests of Scotland absorb attention, THE MACREGOR very properly thinks it his duty to assume judicial attitude. Let others, in whatever part of the House they sit, from whatever district of the kingdom they hail, freely state their views. THE MACREGOR, enthroned above Gangway, with arm carelessly thrown over back of Bench, and air of supernatural wisdom lightening his countenance, and appreciably illumining Members in immediate vicinity, carefully listens. When others have made an end of speaking, and the question is about to be put, THE MACREGOR slowly rises, and, nodding encouragingly towards the Chair, observes, "MR. SPEAKER, one or two ideas occur to me."

This, or some cognate phrase, invariably acts as cue for the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD. To-night it was close on midnight when THE MACREGOR consented to give listening Senate advantage of his

knowledge and cogitations. Had been some talk earlier in sitting of carrying Debate on to second night. But, as DONALD MACFARLANE admits, Scotch Members are, after all, almost human. A dour race, unaccustomed to yield to circumstance, not a man among them would have raised his voice if its utterance would have secured avoidance of another such night. They would have doggedly pressed on, and some might have survived a second night. Nevertheless, if a Minister insisted on bringing the dreary business to conclusion, it was not for them to fly in face of Providence.

The SQUIRE's quick eye glancing round took in the situation. THE MACGREGOR, having slowly swung himself into position, had just opened his mouth when the SQUIRE (so to speak) put his foot in it. In other words, he moved the Closure.

"I consider that very shabby conduct," said THE MACGREGOR, and wrapping his tartan round him, relapsed into a statuesque silence more impressive than other people's word.

That nothing should be lacking to completion of Scottish character of night ROBERT THRESHIE REID, commonly called BOB, sat on the Treasury Bench filling his new character as Solicitor-General. Everyone glad to see him there. BOB as popular in the House of Commons as "Bons" is in the Army. Only, LOCKWOOD says, as far as the Scotch night was concerned, BOB is an imposter.

"ROBERT THRESHIE," says FRANK, Q.C., "is no Scotsman at all. He was really born at Corfu, and to this day, when neither Court nor House is sitting, he has the Corfu bell rung at home every night at eight o'clock."

But that's only professional jealousy.

*Business done.*—Scotch Local Government Bill read a second time.

*Thursday.*—Tide suddenly returned; filled every nook and cranny of House. When MUNDELLA rose to explain reasons for resigning Presidency Board of Trade, not anywhere an empty seat; a throng at the bar; a crowd in the side galleries.

Task undertaken by MUNDELLA one that tries a man. He came well out of ordeal; said the right thing in the right way. House felt that here was a good man struggling with adversity. That it was undeserved, had swooped down and, temporarily, blighted an honourable career when it seemed to have reached its serene heights, made the calamity none the less hard to bear. MUNDELLA comforted himself with a dignity that commanded respect of House, with some notes of pathos in his voice that touched its always generous heart. He rose amid a sympathetic cheer from his political friends. He sat down amid a burst of cheering in which both sides joined.

Budget hitherto acted as wet blanket. Whenever it has been the

order of the day, melancholy has marked the House for its own. To-night average struck. LUBBOCK commissioned to lead heavy brigade in renewed charge on motion to go into Committee. General commanding had reckoned without the naval contingent. LUBBOCK hardly opened fire when the CAP'EN steamed up, and took charge of the order of battle. The CAP'EN spends his nights and days with ERSKINE MAY. That eminent authority's *Parliamentary Procedure* is his pillow by night, his light refreshment by day. Ever he overhauls the wotton, and from time to time makes a note, to SQUIRE OF MALWOOD's discomfiture. Just when Ministers, after long struggling, think they have piloted a bill into harbour, the CAP'EN appears in the offing, runs up the black flag, and rams home "a point of order, Sir."

To-night he has dominated the scene. Difficult to decide whether more terrible in morning dress, with volumes of books on Constitutional Law under either arm, or after dinner, with a white shirt front that made FIELD green with envy; in his button-hole, the red flower of sanguinary intent. Committee got altogether out of hand. SQUIRE could not lead it, nor could PRINCE ARTHUR restrain it. The CAP'EN appeared after dinner with fresh Amendment. MELLOR, wringing his hands in despair, brought unwonted tears to hardened eyes by his protest against custom of abruptly thrusting upon him not always legibly-written Amendments, and expecting him, amid conflicting duties of Chair, to decide on their bearing upon the Bill, and upon a hundred collateral Amendments. PRINCE ARTHUR besought CAP'EN to withdraw his Amendment in favour of one standing in name of DICK WENSTER. Not he. Greatest respect for ex-Attorney-General; but really knew more about this business than that eminent authority. Then blameless BARTLEY interfered; motions for progress hotly made. SQUIRE cuts up rough. Cheers, and counter cheers; divisions, and more divisions; and no progress made. *Business done.*—Got into Committee on Budget Bill.

*Friday.*—House hears to-day, with keen pleasure, that everything is going on well with Mr. G. after the operation on his eyes. Not been seen in House since he quitted it, nearly three months ago, flinging down his gauntlet to the House of Lords.

Ask for this Great Deliverer now, and find him eyeless in Gaza.

In his darkened room Mr. G., hearing echo of tumult at Westminster, may, peradventure, conclude that there are worse conditions even than his. He has tried being Leader of House of Commons with fractions following in the rear, and reckless obstruction in the front. He has also suffered from failing eyesight. Having tried both he may well prefer cataract.

*Business done.*—Vote on account.

### ANGELO TO EDWINA.

(On the Tattooed Wedding Ring.)

[A lady writes to the *Pall Mall Gazette* of May 23, suggesting that the wedding-ring should be tattooed round the third finger of both contracting parties, as a permanent record of marriage. "The operation of tattooing could, with all reverence, be performed by an expert in the vestry after the Church service. . . . This custom will help to insure peace, respect, and happiness to many homes and hearts."]



My own one, my loviest love,  
I write just a line to prepare you;  
Please read what is written above—  
I hope what it says will not scare you!

My dovey, pray don't be "afraid  
With any amazement," or falter  
Next Tuesday, when, darling, arrayed  
As a bride you are led to the altar!

Nor think, if I don't have the ring,

That our marriage a failure will verge on!  
No, sweetest, instead I shall bring,  
As "best man," a young friend who's a surgeon.

While he marks us with circlet of blue,  
If you like, he'll no doubt chloroform us—  
We're the first wedded pair to tattoo,  
And we'll make a sensation enormous!

In the vestry, perhaps, 'twere as well  
To go through this manœuvre-ordeal;  
Besides ('tis a secret I tell),

We can there take, if nervous, a cordial!

Thus with fingers that tingle and smart  
Our mutual wedlock we'll make fast;  
And soon't it be nice when we start  
Shaking everyone's hands at the breakfast!

Thence we'll go to the dentist, my pet,  
Then on to be well vaccinated—  
Altogether we'll never forget  
The day when, tattooed, we were mated!



"STRIKES ON THE BOX."

### HERR DOWE'S CUIRASS.

AN awkward name for British lips

Is that of this inventor;

Pronunciation often trips

The very wisest mentor.

Some say in simple English now,

Like Arab slave boat, Mr. Dowe.

This is conclusive but in part,

As witness "bow"—saluting—

Compared with "bow" that shoots a dart.

He who defies all shooting

Is called by some, yet they should know,

Like baker's bread paste,

Mr. Dowe.

But others would be crushed

With shame, (ping;

If they were caught thus trip-

The dissyllabic German name,

Is not like Arab shipping,

Or dough; pronunciation showy

Makes this, like heavy

cake, Herr Dowe.

But even these are thought

to be

Quite wrong by others, wiser,

Who know that W is V

Where rules the *Deutsche Kaiser*.

They call this foreigner come over,

Just like the Channel port, Herr Dowe.

When Germans come, I would submit,

With strange, new things to show one,

They ought to have a name like SCHMIDT,

For that could puzzle no one.

There's some confusion, you'll allow,

Between Dough, Doughy, Dover, Dhow.





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**"GRAND-VIN-BRUT,"**

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